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A book of this kind is a real need of the hour, and we are glad to observe that the authors have bestowed pains to make it useful and practical. Problems are copious, illustrated by models and related to daily life. The book covers the departmental syllabus and is adapted for pupils' homework. Diagrams could have been neater, and appropriate Tamil equivalents could have been used with advantage wherever they were available, as in *inch*, *foot*, *sq. ft.*, *bottom* etc., matter being bilingual only where the Tamil terms were either unfamiliar or coined by the authors. The book on the whole is a *laudable attempt*—to quote the words of Mr. P. V. Seshu Iyer, in his foreword, an authority in these matters,—and we recommend it to teachers for introduction in schools.

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THE INDIAN EDUCATOR

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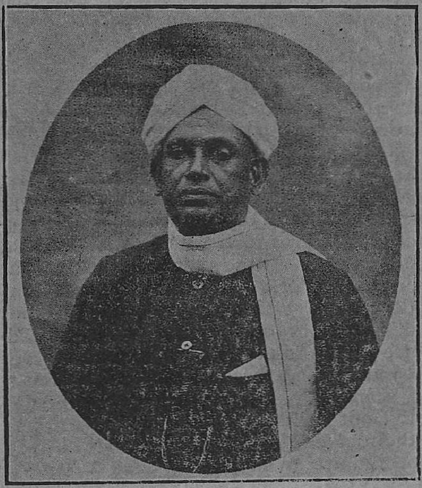
ABOUT AND AROUND



MR. R. SWAMINATHA IYER, B.A., L.T., F.M.U.,
(Headmaster, Town High School, Kumbakonam, who retired from service last May.)
Member, Secondary Education Re-organisation Committee and Tanjore Dt Secondary Education Board,
For many years Member of the S.S.L.C. Board,
Fellow of the University of Madras, and President,
Headmasters' Association and Tanjore District Teachers' Guild.

Aided Education in this Presidency has been at a low ebb. The chief among the causes that have contributed to this sad condition of things is the illiberal and ill-conceived grant-in-aid policy of the Department towards non-official agencies. The generous attitude that once characterised its relations with aided institutions has vanished and grants are now niggardly and hedged in by curious conditions. Most of the aided schools in pre-war days, before the advent of the costly S.S.L.C. system, had favourable conditions to make them self-supporting without much need of Govt. help, with a lower rate of school fees than obtaining at present and a modest pay for teachers fairly sufficient to make them contented and happy. But with changed conditions and increased financial responsibilities in various directions, most of the private agencies have been crippled and some of them are on the verge of ruin. The uncertain half share in the net cost, the system of deferred payments, and other financial burdens due to the institution of Provident Fund, Medical Inspection etc., have adversely affected the condition of these schools. Well-to-do and enlightened managements there are, who have been able to stand this strain; but they are few and far between. Even to this, there is a limit. The majority, however, have very little resources to fall back upon. In their zeal to keep these bankrupt schools somehow going, managers have fallen off from their high ideals and are having recourse to undesirable methods and sordid commercial considerations. They evade committing themselves to a deficit budget which would necessitate a half contribution from their pockets to meet the uncertain and mysteriously manipulated Govt. half; they rather prefer a surplus balance sheet. This they do by exploiting the disunion among teachers, their helpless lot and the agony of unemployment among the educated classes. They have taken the cue from the powers that be and apply the law of supply and demand, stooping to despicable depths of rank underbidding. Underpaying the teachers and undermanning the institutions, they subject the staff to a soul-killing drudgery. To many even this job is insecure; they are ever in dread of the Damocles sword of insecurity of tenure hanging over their heads. The result of this state of things can be easily imagined. Inefficiency and corruption have become rampant, not to speak of deterioration in discipline and character. Education, if it can be called so, has come to this pass in almost all aided schools. Time and again, Teachers' Guilds and Provincial Educational Conferences have drawn the attention of the Department to the growing evils resulting from inadequate grants-in-aid and the urgent need for redress. But the Govt. seems to have a touching faith more in curricula of studies than in a prompt solution of this vital question. This is evident from the manner in which the Secondary Education Reorganisation Committee has shelved this for leisurely consideration at the end, as if it were a secondary matter altogether.

The picture we have presented above, gloomy as it looks, is no exaggeration; this is exactly what has been obtaining in most of the private-managed schools. Will the Department wake up and come to the rescue? When? Before or after the Elections?

Of late, our Education Minister has been quite busy with schemes whereby to make elementary education universal. In consultation with the D. P. I. and the Registrar-General of Panchayats, he seems to have laid out plans of providing schools in rural areas under Panchayat control, the latter finding necessary accommodation and the Govt. equipment. This is a step in the right direction, as the advantages accruing therefrom are bound to be many. While this will tend to restore the power and prestige of the old Panchayat system, education in those areas will be more efficient and economical. We wish the experiment every success, and we trust it will be taken on hand at the earliest opportunity

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We heartily congratulate Rao Bahadur M. C. S. Ananthapadmanaba Rao, M.A., L.T., Professor, Presidency College, and Rao Bahadur G. A. Natesan, Editor, *The Indian Review*, on their well-earned distinction.

We are happy to note that one of our Editors, Mr. S. S. Suryanarayana Sastri, M.A., B.SC., Bar-at-Law, has been nominated as a member of the Tamil University Committee.

We understand that H. E. Lord Goschen will, during his ensuing visit to Madura, open the Y.M.C.A. Buildings erected at a cost of about a lakh of rupees, and also lay the corner-stone of the New Swedish Mission Hostel attached to the U. C. High School.

We regret the commission of an error in the sketch of the late Rev. W. M. Zumbro, relating to Dr. Washburn. We are happy to learn that the great Doctor is still alive and is continuing to take a deep interest in the Institution over which he presided.

Elsewhere we have published useful extracts from *The Times Educational Supplement*, which should be of immense value to teachers of all grades and to Managers of schools and the Department who are interested in sound education and the welfare of its custodians.

Quite divergent were the views of the speakers in the recent debate at the Calcutta University Senate on the effect of vernacularisation of studies. Some of them complained of marked deterioration in the knowledge of English brought on by this change. They were however, effectively answered by Dr. George Howells, who, while conceding the fall in standard, attributed it to causes other than vernacularisation. His emphatic opinion was that the reform was, on the other hand, a distinct help to other studies.

In our own Presidency, the Department has given the option of teaching non-language subjects in the higher forms in the pupils' mother tongue with certain conditions. The initiative in this matter was probably taken by Teachers' Associations, but we regret to learn that the matter has not been given effect to in many schools. Itis not want of text-books that has stood in the way; it is rather a deep-rooted conservatisml such as had been betrayed at the recent Provincia, Educational Conference by some Headmasters who boldly voted against vernacularisation. We trust time will change their mentality, leading to a revision of their opinion.

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G. V. RAMA IYER, B.A., L.T.,
History Assistant, Town High School, Kumbakonam.
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MY REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOL-LIFE

(Concluded from the May issue).

BY RAO SAHEB P. RAJAGOPALA IYER, M.A., I.E.S.

Retired Principal, Kumbakonam College.

Now coming to the third of the Trinity, Mr. Appu Sastriar, he was reputed to be a great Historian, and his classes in History attracted a good number of students. In those days history was not a subject requiring a minimum in the Matric-examination. It formed one of the four, called D Group; as such a large percentage of failures was in this group, since students were under the impression that if ten marks could be scraped in each, more than the minimum could be obtained; hence the neglect. Those were days when no suitable text-book on Indian or English History for the Matriculation was available. Collier's History of England, Morris's History of India were used. Edith Thompson's History of England was just then making its presence felt. Sinclair's History of India had not yet appeared. Under such circumstances Sastriar's lessons in History, which were very interesting and instructive, made a very great impression on the students. Macmillan's compendium and Marshall's History of India were introduced to the notice of the students by him. We read the first much, went through portions of the second, but scared by the array of facts and dates left them out without making a serious study of them; the Matric. did not require so much information. We used to read them as a pastime.

Rao Bahadur Sastriar taught us History, Poetry, English Grammar, and Chemistry. Grammar—all the world over—is not a pleasant subject. Alexander Bain had written two books on Grammar—a bigger one and a smaller one. The bigger one for advanced pupils and the smaller one for lesser folks. The bigger one was dry enough for study. The smaller one was drier still. The personality of the teacher absorbed all our attention in the Class, and so the lessons became the driest and we found an immense relief at the end of the time. In spite of ourselves we made considerable headway in it, by reading the bigger book for the sake of the teacher.

Those were days when in the name of exigencies square men were put into round holes and Mr. Sastriar found himself in this position, when he taught us Chemistry. Experiments were not shown. On one occasion when a lesson on Carbonic Acid was given, we thought from the three bottles placed on the table there would be an experimental demonstration. But to our surprise there was none. The bottle on the left contained a liquid, the central one contained air, while that on the right contained lumps of white solid. That lesson made a great and lasting impression in my mind: he said that if I put a few lumps of this solid into the middle bottle and poured a few drops of the liquid on to them from the bottle on the right, bubbles of gas would ensue". But he did not do it. We imagined an action similar to that of water on quicklime. Under the stress, our imagination was equal to the occasion.

The measured and heavy tread of his footsteps which could be heard at a great distance gave the necessary caution to us—naughty boys—;

and we used to roll in our impish selves, and put on the appearance of the quietest of boys, ready for the lessons. What struck us most was his towering personality. His fine physique was an attraction to most of us. He was fond of games and sports. He was a fine cricketer and a hit of the bat would send the ball flying away, and woe to him who would try to arrest it in its majestic progress. He was an excellent swimmer and we boys used to go unobserved to see him swim. The manner and style of it was worth copying. He would swim across the river even in high floods—be it day or night—straight as an arrow. Very many of my friends were aquatic beings; jumping and swimming in the river were the order of the day. We used to practise swimming and tried to imitate him. Of the whole lot of us, over a couple of dozens, I knew of only one, an old student of his, who could imitate the master to perfection.

Just as Venkatarama Sastrigal (one of the Trinity founders of the school) infused into us a large stock of Satvic qualities, Rao Bahadur Sastrigal infusedi nto us a large amount of "Rajasic" qualities—qualities noted for action, endurance, patience, and solid thinking. The erect gait, the stern look, the few words which he solemnly spoke in measured tones, with not a muscle of his face moving, showed every inch of him to be a born Headmaster. He is a disciplinarian; in fact he is a chip of the old block, his master, the late Rao Bahadur T. Gopal Rao. However well staffed an institution may be, if the management and the directing head be defective, it must sooner or later tumble down. The fifty years which have silently passed away since this institution was started, is a standing monument to the tact and skill of the man at the helm. Mr. Raghava Ayyangar interested in his law studies and Mr. Venkatarama Sastrigal interested in the study of Sanskrit and English contributed very little to the application of the management. Rao Bahadur S. Appu Sastrigal was, so to speak from the starting of the School, the practical Manager and the directing head, and so early evinced those great qualities which go to make a great organiser and Manager. Forethought, clearness of prevision, a discriminating head, a head for figures, and a strong will have enabled hi n to surmount many obstacles. This is the only High School I know of, where the salaries are disbursed regularly on the 1st of every month.

Life has two legs to stand upon, the heart and the lungs. The reputation of a school too has two legs to stand upon, viz., English and Mathematics. The two Sastrigals conspired together to make the teaching of English a great success and jointly supplied one leg. The other leg was supplied in the person of the late Mr. M. R Swaminatha Aiyar. The credit of selecting a suitable man goes to Sastriar's and Mr. Sastrigal must be congratulated in the choice of his lieutenants past and present.

The late Mr. M. R. Swaminatha Ayyar was his first lieutenant. He was a born teacher in Mathematics, he was a great Mathematician and an enthusiast. Pott's Euclid, Todhunter's works, Panchanathaier's Algebra, Srinivasa Ayyar's Problems in Arithmetic, and others were at his finger's ends. The native High School could boast of as many as or even more students efficient in Mathematics than in any other good school. He was a loving teacher; his behaviour towards us all, was as that of an elder brother which we reciprocated. He taught us English Prose with considerable skill. By his unstinted and loving labours he contributed not a little to the reputation and to the life of the School. Rao Bahadur S. Appu Sastriar's choice in selecting a suitable successor to Mr. M. R. Swaminatha Aiyar was a happy one. He is one who collaborates with him with zeal and enthusiasm in keeping up and expanding the reputation of the school. I must not omit on this occasion to speak of one other member of the staff who to the last worked here with a love and devotion to the School—hardly to be met with anywhere-else—The late Mr. T. A. Vaidyanatha Ayyar with his clean, neat, and homely appearance, was a good friend to us all; he gave us brotherly advice and guided us along proper channel.

To conclude, Man is Mortal; but an institution may continue to live for ever, and ever. It all depends on the Management. This great institution has lived well for the past fifty years. What of the future? That is the question which strikes an old boy like myself. We old boys wish it a long long and prosperous life. May the Divinity that shapes our ends, shape also the destiny of the School, so that its continued existence for the future is assured. May the Divinity that shapes our ends present to the present Propreitor and Manager, a vision te enable him to achieve that end!

DRAFTSMANSHIP IN KANTILIYA

By Mr. N. S. Visvanatha Iyer, B.A., B.L.

Modern democracy rests on the will of an elected legislature. The will of the legislature is set forth in its statutes. Apart from the legislative bodies, there are in modern states any number of corporate organizations, that are possessed of rule-making powers. There are also bye-laws, rules, regulations and orders of Governments or bodies unto whom governments delegate a portion of their functions for purposes of convenience and expedition, in business.

Statute making requires a trained disciplined mind and it is but reasonable that in the House of Commons in Great Britain there are what are known as 'Parliamentary Draftsmen' to whom a bill is submitted for a statutory shape, tho' the bill itself is sponsored by a leading public man or an experienced lawyer of eminence.

To draft a statute is, apart from its utilitarian value, a piece of graceful art. The draftsman needs not only abundance of common sense and vital touch with the subject matter of the draft in all its phases but also the vision of the jurist and the synthetic view of the philosopher. Modern Statute book is a mass of dull matter with no life in it. It exhibits the out put of a drifting democracy and lacks the ease, grace and harmony of a higher view point of the state and its political functionings. The Indian Statute book seems to be of late deteriorating in the quality of its draftsmanship. In most of the statutes the tendency appears to be looseness of expression and want of sequence in arrangement, and the likelihood of difficulties occurring frequently in administration owing to loop-holes in legislation is patent.

As democratic experiments advance more and more in the country, powers of legislatures in India are likely to be widened. It is abundantly clear that there is all the more need for respon-

sible draftsmanship that pit falls may be avoided and democracy may prove a success.

That Indian Administration in the past exacted very disciplined work from its functionaries and did not brook half-hearted slovenly ways of doing public business is clear from every chapter in the monumental work of Chanakya—the prime minister of the Mauryan Chandragupta, i.e., Kantiliya's Arthasastra.

One of the chapters in this grand work deals with "Draftsmanship of writs". The Chapter is the 10th of Book II in Arthasastra. The treatment of the subject by the author is bound to extort admiration at all times. Chanakya's masterly analysis of the subject matter, the ease and lucidity with which the details of the analysis are presented compel regard.

The author starts the subject matter with the preliminary observation that writs concern kings and have very serious importance in that peace and war are founded on them.

Then the author proceeds to discuss the subject from the standpoint of the Lekhaka (draftsman) and lays down the following qualifications for him.

In the first place, the draftsman of the writ should be possessed of the attributes of the minister (Amathya). This is practically conceding to the draftsman of the writ a place just as high as the minister's. In other words the draftsman was in ancient polity a functionary in the ministry.

Secondly, the one that prepares the 'Royal Writ' should be acquainted with all kinds of custom. He should be Sarva Samayavit, *i.e.*, one conversant with all kinds of customs, religions and usages. The word used is 'Samaya'. It seems to be advisedly used. It is a word that carries a comprehensive conception both as to the groups of persons it covers and varieties of matters pertaining to the group. The insistence on the draftsman being possessed of knowledge of customs, religions, and usages of all is proof of the high standard of culture brought to bear on public works in Ancient India. The contrast in the present Indian Legislatures guided by communal proclivities with no hold over 'fundamentals' is pathetic.

The third qualification in the Lekhaka is that he should be smart in composition. The Sanskrit expression for 'smart in composition' is Asugrantha. The fourth is his writing should be good. This need not have any weight in these days with facilities to have one's thoughts dictated and typed or printed with elegance. The fifth is the draftsman should be sharp in reading and it is enjoined on the draftsman that he should reduce the king's order to writing only after having attentively listened to the king's order and well-thought out the matter under consideration.

Chanakya then lays down what all a draftsman should consider. These are described under 2 main heads. The first is what all arise for consideration having regard to the status of the one to whom the writ is addressed. The factors that deserve consideration under this head are caste (2) family (3) social rank (4) age (5) learning (6) occupation (7) property (8) character (9) blood relationship (10) place and time of writing.

The second is what arise as factors for consideration from the standpoint of the contents of the writ itself.

It is just in the enunciation of these factors that you feel the trained alterness of the mind of Chanakya. Throughness in details, clearness in grasp, lucidity of presentation, an easy mastery in giving abstract concepts clear comprehensive definitions, covering all the implications of the concepts are what one discovers in the author.

The factors under the second head are:—

1. Arrangement of subject matter (Arthakarma)—this is just the golden rule that one should place the most dominant idea first.

2. *Relevency.* (Sambanda) What is relevant and what is not is very crisply defined by Chanakya. All facts that are not contradictory to facts just mentioned or previously mentioned are relevant. The definition reminds a lawyer of Sec. 11 of the Indian Evidence Act. The definition may not serve much in practical application but its correctness can never be questioned.

3. *Completeness.* The factors that make up completeness are carefully stated. That is the complete description in which there is no redundancy, a deficiency either of words or letters and the subject matter is appositely, suitably described in adequate words therefor with citations of reasons, examples and illustrations. Chanakya in his definition of this factor is in every word of his feeling the grave responsibility of his task.

A word unsaid, over-said or missaid or a misplaced punctuation has often enough led to trouble in law Courts and a very large portion of litigation is due to bad codification and nebulous judgments. The importance of accuracy and completeness can never be too much insisted upon for judges, legislators and other public functionaries. The fourth factor is Sweetness (Mathurya). The bane of modern culture is that in the moderner's anxiety to do business, he forgets the need to be sweet. The manner of saying a thing makes all the difference. As between a brutal business and divine functioning the border line is narrow. Put a little sweetness of manner into the dry-as-dust things of the day and the change is at once obvious,—a transmutation to higher values. Chanakya—the arch-disciplinarian that stands for organised efficiency and discipline does recognise the need for sweetness in royal writs.

The fifth factor is dignity. The avoidance of the vulgar, the rustic (gramya) is what makes for "dignity".

The sixth factor is "Lucidity". This arises out of the well—known words.

Chanakya then proceeds to define nouns, verbs, sentences &c., and then discusses the various purposes for which the writs are issued—calumniation, commendation, inquiry, narration, request, refusal, censure, prohibition, command, conciliation, promise of help, threat and persuasion. These various purposes of the writ are discussed each in its own variety with illustrations. The subtlety of Chanakya's mind is visible in every line of the discussion and one is painfully reminded of the deterioration in the mental equipment of the modern Indian due to a variety of causes which need not be stated here.

Chanakya then illustrates various miscellaneous writs—writs of remission, license, guidance, reply, general proclamation &c.

Another interesting discussion then follows—what relates to negotiation. A lot of literature has gathered in modern politics in respect of "diplomatic negotiation". It is difficult to arrive at

any definite canons that should regulate the negotiation from the materials available in modern political literature.

Diplomatic negotiation well-done saves kingdoms from wars and humanity has had to suffer on various ccasions in the hi .ry of t e world, for want of some litt e sympathetic tact in the carrying on of "Diplomatic correspondence."

Chankaya—the founder of the Mauryan Empire, classifies 'Negotiation' into five kinds.

The first is 'Gunasamkirtana' where the family, person, occupation, conduct, learning, properties &c., of the enemy are praised. This is rather sentimental.

The second is a more reasoned type. It is styled Sambandopakhyana—narration of mutual relationship and the benefit arising therefrom.

The third is styled "Parasparopakarasamadarasanam'. This word is highly expressive of what this type of negotiation stands for. The writ embodying this negotiation sets forth the benefits arising to both parties out of mutual helpfulness and hence the need for a widened angle of vision, stripped of insular or separatist attitudes.

The fourth is Ayatipradarshanam—the description of the prospects likely to arise in future. The fifth is Atmopanithanam—setting forth identity of interests as follows:—"What I am that thou art, whatever is mine is thine &c."

Chanakya closes the chapter on "Draftsmanship" with an investigation into what does make a writ bad.

Clumsiness, contradiction, repetition, bad grammar and bad arrangement make a bad writ.

Bad arrangement is where paragraphs are not suitably divided or where there is no division into paragraphs.

The renowned author states at the end that the chapter has been written by him after having followed all sciences and fully observed all forms of writing in vogue.

The varieties of "Diplomatic negotiation" that Chanakya deals with are proof that his mind was inherently inclined towards peace and to him war was only a necessary evil. To love peace was, according to Chanakya, certainly not to court weakness. Himself a disciplined Brahmin with an alert mind that tightly grasped the realities of situations, he brought to bear on every question an amazing intellectual keenness of investigation and a vigor of treatment coupled with an elevated enthusiasm for Dharma, which is a rarity in moderners.

This chapter on 'Draftsmanship of writ' has its value from the standpoint of education.

Loose speaking is the curse of the day. Few feel responsibility in probing into the full implications of their utterances. The tongue is often in advance of the heart and the head. Often times unwittingly, sometimes knowingly, the boundary line of caution is over-stepped and trouble arises where there need not have been any. Discipline, mental, moral, physical, was the badge of the ancient Indian. Either as an individual or as a member of polity, his insistence was on 'discipline'. The culture of Chanakya was very possibly the culture of the Mauryan age.

A study of "Arthasastra" reveals a glorious age when a sense of public responsibility did vitalize the activities of the state in India.

It is my desire to place before the public a series of articles relating to modern India in the light of materials available in Kantilya's Arthasastra.

One word more. A study of the original work—Arthasastra, is a pursuit that amply repays in mental discipline and elevation. The great classical language—Sanskrit—has been made to serve as a wonderful instrument for conveying easily, peacefully, exhaustively and subtly ideas which no other vehicle could do as well or even with some semblance of nominal success.

THE DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE

By Prof. G. Gopalakrishna Iyer, M.A.,

Maharajah's College, Trivandrum.

Browning has used the Dramatic Monologue so often and with such marked success that he might be said to be its chief exponent, nay its inventor. And the Dramatic Monologue was perhaps the medium of expression best fitted for the part he assigned to himself—the *role* of the historian of the human mind. The entire character of a man can never be adequately expressed in action. This truth Browning realised so well that he refused to concern himself with the tangible actions of man so much as with his thoughts and feelings.

But while thus accepting the investigation of human character as his chief poetic aim, Browning was aware of the disadvantages of a through identification of himself with his creations. He knew that the adoption of the lyrical method, where the poet enters so fully into sympathy with his characters as to forget his separate identity, would mean the negation of dramatic variety and scope. Again the lyrical method would disable the poet from making those suggestive though implicit comments on his characters which form so large a part of the interest that Browning's dramatic poems have for his discerning readers.

The lyrical method of character-investigation leads to monotony and dulness. According to this method, the character is made to look into himself so deeply and intensely, as to stand in self-centred isolation from the crowded world of humanity to which belongs. This advantage becomes a positive defect where the monologues are of some length. The impression of something stationary and immobile is left upon the reader's mind. The long lyrical monologue of Empedocles in Act II of M. Arnold's Empedocles on Etna, even though its monotony is relieved by the song of Callicles breaking in, now and again, from below, is too tiresomely dull for even the most patient reader. Arnold has himself noticed this defect in the Preface to the 1853 edition of his poems. He says that situations in which the suffering finds no vent in action; in which a continuous state of mental distress is prolonged, unrelieved by incident, hope or resistence; in which there is everything to be endured, nothing to be done—in such situations there is inevitably something morbid, in the description of them something monotonous. We are here concerned only with the second defect—the mon tony of the description; the something morbid in the situation being a particular feature of Empedocle's life and character.

Browning escapes this danger of dulness by adopting the dramatic method. It is indeed true

that having eschewed tangible action and accepted the regions of the mind as his proper domain, he is not dramatic in the sense in which Shakespeare is. In Browning's poems character does not issue in action, nor does action throw light upon character. There is not in them that kind of movement which is implicit in the hurry of action, in characters working at cross-purposes and with conflicting motives. The movement of plot which the spectator relishes when the threads of a situation are drawn into a tangle and unravelled in the closing scenes—this, of course, cannot be had in a poem where a single situation is discussed for the opportunities of character-painting which it affords the poet. The dramatic monologues of Browning are not intended for performance on the stage but for appreciative experience in the study. They are dramatic in a special sense—just in the same way as soliloquies in plays are dramatic. Soliloquies, as is well known, are not lyrical instrusions into a dramatic scheme, but representations of characters in an introspective mood, which partake of the dramatic nature of the plays into the scheme of which they are thrown. They are devices resorted to by the dramatist when he realises that a certain shade of character cannot be bound within the limits of action. Hamlet's high intellectuality, for instance, cannot be adequately expressed in action and therefore, Shakespeare represents this aspect of his nature by his own thoughts, *i.e.*, in his soliloquies.

The essential resemblance between the Dramatic Monologue and the Soliloquy must not, however, make us forget the important differences that exist between them. While the monologue forms a separate entity by itself, the soliloquy is useful only in the scheme of the play in which it occurs. Again while the length of a monologue is not limited by considerations of stage-propriety, the soliloquy is strictly bound by them. Thirdly while the particular situation in which a soliloquising character is placed, is already known to the audience who have been following his fortunes as described in the earlier sections of the play, in the Dramatic Monologue the situation has to be given by the poet within the monologue itself. It will thus be seen that while the Dramatic Monologue and the Soliloquy agree in their aim of expressing the thoughts and habits of the mind more adequately than by action, the former is a more independent and fuller medium of character—painting than the latter.

It has been remarked above that Browning's monologues are dramatic in a special sense; that there is not in them the hurry of action and the clash of party-motives; that from their very nature the connected evolution of a plot is not possible in them. Then how is it that the dramatic element in them has been insisted on, by the poet as well as by his critics, over and over again? The answer is that they are dramatic to the finer perception of the mind as Shakespeare's plays are dramatic even to the naked eye. In place of the hurry and bustle of action in the drama, we have in the dramatic monologue an alertness of the mind, which in its infinite fluctuations passes from issue to issue, from argument to argument. Again the clash of motives between parties, of persons working at cross-purposes, is supplied by different emotions clashing with one another in the same mind. Even though in the dramatic monologue only one person appears before us, thinks his thoughts and speaks his speech, it will be found on careful observation that his mind is not studied in thorough isolation or in perfect detachment from the society to which he belongs. The lesser characters are placed in the background; and the leading character, though he is not permitted to be in full physical contact with them, to talk to and with them and rub shoulders with them, is in the course of the monologue made to enter into mental and emotional correspondence with them.

(*To be continued.*)

OSCAR WILDE'S.

"De Profundis"—An Appreciation.

(BY V. R. M. CHETTIAR.)

" Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark
And has the nature of infinity."

—WORDSWORTH.

'De Profundis' is a deep and dismal cry. It is a volcano's shriek. Severely left alone in prison, Wilde is also denied society, friendship and love. He groans eternally, perhaps to meet God or the soul of God. His grief is a midnight scorpion which stings us often and on all sides. 'De Profundis' is a shrill monologue which at once touches the heart and " unseals all the wells of pity". In my appreciation, I am just retouching Fate's curve.

'De Profundis', the crowning masterpiece of Oscar Wilde's, has been written in " tears and blood and characters of flame". It is the dolorous accent of a tragic harp. It is a thrilling autobiography where Wilde records his melancholy musings in prison. He writes this last work in prose, only in prison. It is decisively an artistic triumph. Here Wilde makes his despair almost poetic, and his grief is transcendent. By a sheer stroke of pathos, he makes his heart and soul merge into eternity. In his letter to his friend Robert Ross, he writes, " I don't defend my conduct. I explain it. There are certain passages which deal with my mental development in prison and the inevitable evolution of my character and the intellectual attitude towards life that has taken place. I know that, on the day of my release, I shall be merely passing from one prison into another. The whole world seems to me no larger than my cell, and as full of horror for me". It is true the world to him soon becomes a cage of horrors.

His early life is all levity. His youth is dissolute and wayward, as he himself confesses: " I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I amused myself with being a dandy—a man of fashion. To waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went to the depths, in the search for new sensation. Desire, at the end, was a malady or a madness or both" A daring child of perversity, he is tempted to forget his soul. Steeped in pleasure, he swoons in joy, but suddenly comes back to his normal self. He is made to realise how he has ruined himself. In utter defiance of society and its laws, he goes his way. The result is prison. Suddenly parting from his mother and wife and children, he has to remain there alone. Speaking of his riotous youth, he says, " There was no pleasure I did not experience. I threw the pearl of my soul into a cup

of wine. I went down the primrose path to the sound of flutes. I lived on honey-comb."

The prison life shocks him indeed. Shut up in a dungeon, he begins to groan, and we almost catch the volcano's shriek. He curses himself for the past, and is just wringing his hands in impotent despair. Disgrace and solitude only cure him of his patience. He begins to "count the chain of grief, link by link". Nature has been snatched away from him, and his poetic cravings must die. Now the sun and the moon, he cannot see—, not even the buds and bells of May! The sudden death of his mother adds violence to his grief. When his children are torn away from him, he screams, "Our very children are taken away. Those lovely links with humanity are broken. We are doomed to be solitary, while our sons still live. The body of the child is as the body of the Lord. I am not worthy of either." This closing line wlth its soul—subduing pathos has Hugo's ring of divinity in childhood. He pathetically adds: "There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility. I have lain in prison for nearly two years. Out of my nature has come wild despair; an abandonment to grief which was piteous even to look at; terrible and impotent rage bitterness and scorn; anguish that wept aloud; misery that could find no voice; sorrow that was dumb. I have passed through every possible mood of suffering". He struggles just like the common prisoner of a common jail. "The plank bed, the loathsome food, the menial offices with which each day begins and finishes, the dreadful dress that makes sorrow grotesque the silence, the solitude, the shame"—all these, he has to transform into a spiritual experience. Going down on his knees, cleaning the cell, and polishing his tins, he is tired of the dreary routine. He has to gulp down the brown bread. An occasional white bread is to him a delicacy. This changeless monotony, he cannot relish. On November 13th 1895, he is taken from London to the centre platform of Clapham Junction where he is made to stand in convict dress and hand-cuffed, for the world to jeer at. Just now, he says, "I was the most grotesque. When people saw me, they laughed. Each train as it came up, swelled the audience. In half an hour, I stood there in the grey November rain, surrounded by a jeering mob". Tears stream down his cheeks. To those in prison, there is only "one season, the season of sorrow. It is always twilight in one's cell, as it is always twilight in one's heart". It is bitterly true that, to the prisoner, tears are a part of every day's experience. Wilde pathetically adds, "Everything about my tragedy has been hideous, mean, repellent, lacking in style; our very dress makes us grotesque. We are the zanies of sorrow. We are clowns whose hearts are broken." Again he says, "My lot has been one of public infamy, of long imprisonment, of misery, of ruin, of disgrace". When he is in Wandsworth prison, he longs to die and is determined to commit suicide, that very day he leaves prison. After a time, that evil mood passes away, and he tries "to live but to wear gloom as a king wears purple: never to smile again". With Richard II, he can only exclaim, "I have wasted time, and Time doth now waste me".

It is not long before his mood changes. "Time, that aged Nurse, rocks him to patience." His mental attitude towards life also changes. His soul is wedded to the soul of sorrow. He is enamoured of melancholy. 'Where there is sorrow, there is holy ground." He recalls Dante's line, "Sorrow remarries us to God". Just now he exclaims, "Sorrow, and all that it teaches one, is my new world". Sorrow is to him an intense reality, "Sorrow is truth, and truth sorrow," and he readily discovers their composite beauty and charm. Just when he is homeless and penniless, he seizes the first chance to be schooled in stoic self-restraint. He intimately realises how suffering is not a mystery but a revelation. "Behind sorrow, there is always sorrow; behind sorrow, there is always a soul." Dante describes the soul of a man as coming from the hand of God, "weeping and laughing like a child." Wilde now aspires to become that soul which at once makes one simple and unsophisticated as a celestial child.

(To be continued.)

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH POETRY.

By Mr. C. S. Krishna Iyer, M.A.,
Chikballapur.

Nothing is more difficult for a teacher in our Secondary Schools than to teach English poetry; first, because the position of English language is peculiar in India. It is neither the mother tongue nor a foreign language in the sense French or German is in England. Secondly, the inexperience of the young minds is a great barrier that prevents him from communicating the joy he himself might feel. To quote Arnold Smith, "There must be some knowledge of life before Poetry can fulfil its function of an interpreter". Nevertheless, the aim of teaching English may be said to be to train the mind to appreciate and enjoy the content and form of literature and to cultivate the power of using the language in speech and writing. Both objects are important and strictly speaking, each implies the other. Without training in the use of language, literature cannot be fully understood or properly appreciated; and without the study of literature there can be no mastery over language. It is needless to state that of the two, Prose and Poetry, the latter is the better kind of literature. To quote Coleridge, "Prose implies words in their best order: Poetry, the best words in the best order". Some well known definitions of Poetry are "the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds"; "it is the light of life, the very image of life, expressed in its eternal truth"; "it immortalities all that is best and most beautiful in the world". "It is the centre and circumference of knowledge". "By the beauty of form, music of words, and imagery, it satisfies the sense of beautiful in us and gives pleasure of highest kind". It is also a good medium for transmission of powerful ideals. As said by the poet Matthew Arnold, "poetry interprets by expressing with magical felicity the Physiognomy and movents of the outward world; and also by expressing with inspired conviction, the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature".

The first duty of the teacher is to select and place before the pupils proper material. There must be a judicious compromise between the inclinations of the children and those of his own, and by degrees he must make them realise that subtler charm that does not yield its secret to the uninitiate.

Poetry was originally for the ear and its first appeal even now is to the ear. Giving to its music and rhythm, its emotional value is great and hence it needs great skill on the part of the teacher to read a poem well. The art of good reading must come from within, from a real understanding of the passage; and a good teacher should be capable of showing by his own examaple that reading aloud is not a blind mech nical process but a social and humane accomplishment. He should so read poetry as to evoke poetic beauty and to awaken poetic emotion.

The question how can children be taught to appreciate poetry sounds paradoxical at the outset. For one cannot dictate to another in matters of taste. Taste is purely individual and "appreciation, like chivalry, is an unbought grace of life, a flower that grows best untutored and that dwindles under too obvious an attempt at culture". Yet, generally speaking, we wish what we feel strongly others should feel strongly too and that what has appealed to us as beautiful is sure to delight others too. As feeling and taste are contagious, the pupils could be made to feel and see what the teacher feels and sees, though obviously not all of them to the same degree. However, considerations other than the teacher's personal likes ought to influence in the choice of material and manner of expression. (For instance, the common interests of his pupils, their general level of culture and the extent of their individual differences). In choosing the material he may be guided by any suitable plan. He may choose, for instance, poems which illustrate different ways of regarding the same thing (Spring Season); or he may take poems to illustrate the work of a particular poet or School of Poets (Lake School); or he may take poems to exemplify different forms of poetry (as Ode, Sonnet Elegy, Ballad, Pastoral etc.): or there might be no formal principle of connection and may be guided by only passing mood or chance association. Similarly, as regards the manner of presentation, he may lay stress on matter and style in different proportions, he may insist on learning by heart, he may regard the subject from biographical and other points of view. The safest advice seems to be "Follow your own way". Mr. Smith is very emphatic on this point. He says, "No one method as to choice of poems or manner of treatment need be followed consistently. The teacher's skill is shown largely in his combination and adaptation of methods to suit different needs and occasions. The key to the position is his own appreciation of poetry combined with a sympathetic understanding of his pupils".

This sympathetic understanding of his pupils implies that the teacher will watch the development of their feelings and ascertain the natural direction of their interests. But a common taste can be inferred only in a very general way. So the expression 'Natural line of interest' has to be understood in a limited way.

Very often in selecting poems for the children, the adult view preponderates. That should not be. The child is not a miniature man in all respects. The themes that appeal to adults most, may fail to exert any influence on the juvenile mind.

Another important thing that has to be borne in mind by a teacher of English poetry is that he must direct the attention of the pupils primarily to content and secondarily to form and style. There must be no profusion of notes and critical introductions until sympathetic appreciation has done its work. The pupils should understand the passage, first in its entirety: then after analysis, they must get a clearer idea of it as a whole. The various stages should be a vague whole—analysis—synthesis—and a clear picture in its entirety. Sometimes, as boys are likely to miss the meaning of the passage in the very beginning, words and phrases ought to be explained, not as isolated things, but as forming members of a unit. To quote Mr. Smith again, "It is neither necessary nor desirable that the teacher should explain everything. The meaning of a poem may be allowed to soak into the mind gradually; it matters little, that parts of it should be only dimly apprehended by the pupils, if as a whole it is enjoyed. Particularly in lyrics too conscious attention to the meaning interferes with imagination and presents that mood of absorption in which the magic of poetry is appreciated. The practice, sometimes, followed in certain High Schools, of tearing each line word by word, dissecting it and mutilating it in hundred ways, destroying the unity of the piece and spoiling the charm and blurring the beautiful imagery must certainly be condemned in very strong terms.

One way of arousing interest in any writer is to study his work in its biographical or historical setting. It might even be asserted, that some poems can be understood well only after a good biographical introduction (Milton, Chaucer, Scott etc., are examples.) "All literature becomes more interesting if it is related to something personal, whether it be the writer's own life or the events of history which influenced him or in which he played a part". A poem that has to be studied in detail, must invariably be preceded by a brief sketch of the author's life and the literature of the period should be related to its history (ex. Restoration period). The examples of biographical detail throwing a new light upon a line or a stanza are very many. (Shelly's Ode to the West Wind: Keat's Ode to a Nightingale, Milton's Sonnet on Blindness). Though this method of dealing with the outward suits and trappings of poetry—its historical, political and personal accidents— will be objected to by some critics, it has its own importance and value.

After a boy has become accustomed to find pleasure in reading poetry and in having it read, his appreciation may be strengthened by a more thorough observation of those facts of form and style which are themselves a part of, and not exterior to, content—that is by a study of technique. Attention must now be paid to what Lascelles Abercrombie has styled as the "magic of words", for then only poetry becomes a thing of intrinsic worth.

The primary value of poetry to the individual reader, no doubt, depends upon its message and that is why attention has first to be directed to the content and then to its outward "suits and trappings". The chief part of the content is the imaginative presentment of the author's mood and this is closely linked up with the biographical or historical aspect. But the meaning the poem has for the understanding and the appeal that it makes to the emotions are as much the result of the way ideas are expressed as of the ideas themselves. The idea, in fact, cannot be divorced from its expression and therefore the workmanship of the poem becomes of vital

importance. But care should be taken to see that the pupils feel the rhythm and metre in actual pieces, before they are told the technical names of Prosody.

(To be continued.)

CUPID'S FLOWERS

Red *Lotus* and blue *Lily* water-born
Like Luxmi goddess of prosperity;
Sweet *Jasmine*, spotless white as chastity,
Sole flower that by the earth at night is worn,
When buried lie the flaring hosts of morn;
Honey-laden *Mango* that like frost-work shows,
And *Asoka*, whose bunch of coral-blossoms blows
In loveliness like Sita, lone and lorn!
Dread arrows these of thine, O God of Love,
But say, how could thy sightless eyes discern
The sureness of their aim, the bitter smart
And sweet, the pleasant pain? Or did thy heart
Tangled within their mesh of bloom, once learn
Their power, and has n't ceased to quiver?
Say how?

K.

FROM A SCHOOLMASTER'S SCRAP-BOOK

[By S. R.]

Of things unknown and vague all can speak with authority: so dogmatism is a virtue in Religion...

Religion is 'that which binds'. What an irony that it should do quite the contrary! It may 'bind' man to God, but it ever 'divides' man from man.....

Civilisation—what is it? As understood generally, it is nothing but the life of persons who dress well, eat well, and talk well: the last, however, not essential.....

To the masses there is but one problem—the food problem: and civilisation has reference therefore only to the wealthy....

It is remarkable that the poor themselves never praise their poverty as a blessing: they but endure it....

Contentment may be desirable, but it is not a virtue.....

Conscience is more often an inconvenient heritage: witness the caste system....

There is no such thing as 'humanity' in reality: we have only 'whiteman-ity' and 'colouredman-ity'—Frenchman-ity, German-ity, and so forth of 'human nature' as of 'bestial or brutal nature'. Make the denizens of the forest live in peace, and you can do the same with men.....

After 50 centuries (?) of 'civilisation' I do find this difference between 'brutality' and 'humanity'. There is more organisation among men and therefore slaughter on a large scale, but in the world of beasts, they kill only when necessary and then too the smallest number....

Why is sin easier than virtue, doubt than faith? things evil than things good? 'Man is a born sinner': this seems to be more satisfying than the doctrine—'I am a god!'....

Born in sin, bred up in sin, and dying in sin, how can Man be 'saved'? But does he aim at 'salvation'? If he does, he apparently wants it on his own terms...

When Ignorance and Knowledge both lead to sin, where is the sense in damning the one and praising the other?....

STORIES FROM BRIHATKATHA

No. I. THE FOUR EXPERTS.

By Mr. K. Krishnamacharya, B.A., L.T., Kamalapuram.

In the village of Brahmasthala, there was once a pious Brahmana, Vishnuswamin. He had four sons; but before the sons attained their majority, he passed away So, the young boys were left without any education. Their mother too died, shortly after. They were taken over to their maternal uncles' home, and were brought up by them.

But there, they were slighted for their ignorance. The young men felt their miserable position very keenly, and were at first inclined to commit suicide. But a *siddha* advised and told them that suicide is the last resort of a coward. So, they made up their minds to acquire knowledge at all costs. The brothers parted, arranging to meet at a place, after acquiring knowledge. They travelled all over the world, learning things at first hand. They met several great men, and through their kindness learnt many sciences. But each specialised in one particular branch of knowledge.

They met at the appointed place, and compared notes in their special branches of study. The eldest said with a tinge of pride, "I can rebuild a skeleton, from a few stray bones.' "And I can create flesh and blood," said the second, "given a skeleton." "Mine is the art of creating skin and hair," calmly interposed the third. "Last but not least, is the art of infusing life into a dead body," put in the youngest "and I lay claim to a special study of it."

The brothers wanted to prove their cases by a practical experiment. They had not gone far, before they found out a few bones of a dead lion. The eldest exhibited his skill by creating the whole skeleton, out of the few bones; the second one added on flesh and blood; while the third made it look like a lion, dead just a few moments before. And now it was the turn of the last. He sat at his experiment, closing his eyes in meditation. The dead animal first wagged its tail; next, it turned over; and at the last stage of the experiment, it stood up with a deep roar, and fell upon them. In a few more minutes, it finished with them, and turned to roam about in the forest.

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A TEACHER'S TURBAN

(An Auto-biography, or——?)

BY MR. P. N. SUBRAMANIAN, B.A., B.L., Trichinopoly.

"I am no competitor with Mahatma Gandhi for 'auto-biographies.' I have neither his sweetness of self-expression nor his manly candour and courage to expose good as well as bad in the self-same vein. I have neither a brain to think nor a mouth to speak. I am inanimate. But yet I want to speak because the injustice under which I am suffering is really unbearable, and in the fond hope of your taking up my cause I very humbly and respectfully appeal to you, dear Reader, and leave the result to the care of God.

"I owe my birth to that wonderful black seed which soon developed into a beautiful plant yielding fine cotton; and cotton was slowly converted into thread and thread woven out into a beautiful cloth and on one fine morn, lo! I became a 'turban cloth', for so was I destined to be. I was really patting myself on my back,—for, whoever knew then of the injustice that was to befall me later on,—since I was really superior to a Dhoti or a Thundu.

"There are turbans and turbans. There is the 'Punjabi Turban', many cubits in length, with layers after layers coming in quick succession one after another, and on the whole presenting a 'heavy-weight appearance' as if one is carrying Mount Himalayas itself over his venerable head. There is the 'Bengali Turban' with cross-cut coming out in front, but in some sideways sneakily as it were, and with a number of folds one over the other as his Punjab-brother, though not in such exuberant numbers. There is the 'Mysore-Maharajah-Turban' with its delightful cut and fold and pleasant appearance that is sure to rivet the attention of all and to make them almost fall in love with it. I hate the Punjabi and the Bengali fashion, but I would have very willingly taken up the Mysore Model had I not been 'poor cotton'. So, my fate was sealed. I had to be nothing else than a 'South Indian Teacher's Turban'. But what if I was a Teacher's Turban? I was really more beautiful than my compeers abroad and I could challenge Manmatha himself for sheer beauty of the frontal cut.

"I do not like to be tied and untied very often, for that is always very irksome, you know. So I got myself attached to a beautiful pith and I soon became a 'pith-turban' always ready for use and never to be untied. Many people tried me over their heads, but I didn't suit them or they didn't suit me and so I was idly lying on the shop-keeper's go-down.

"My stars began to shine. In the year of grace x y z - -, an Honours L.T.—purchaser appeared, tried me over his head, found me so fitting as if I was made for him and he for me, liked me immensely and without second thought made me his own. Soon, I was pleasantly sitting over his head and was viewing things around me and then I thought to myself that the whole world was under my feet. Slowly, my master began to alter my position and was adjusting me properly for making himself more beautiful. I followed him to his class-room and was there nodding along with his head as he went on teaching his boys. To every superior he bowed and I too bowed, though I didn't like the idea of bowing too often. Thus I served my master most faithfully for these ninety odd years and more. I was soon perpetuated in a group photo on the 'School Day' wherein my master gave a sitting. But I think I really looked more beautiful in that cabinet-size photo of my master taken singly and sent to his sweet-heart one 'good' Friday. But that is another matter.

"My usual resting place was the top-peg of the coat-stand and I used to sleep there from evening 5 o'clock till morning 10 o'clock. You know, my master's house richly abounds in 'winged ministrels' and 'brown coloured (hum)-bugs', and though the former occasionally used to settle on my folds and have a nap there and fly away at a single waving of my master's hand when he draws near and takes me, I have never known of any brown-coloured being having any sort of intimacy with me. It was summer time. The school was not yet closed for the vacation. It was the season for these 'brown-beings' to breed in large numbers. Their usual residence was the joints of chairs, tables and benches and underneath the beds and the pillows. But the rapidity of their growth forced them to take new places of shelter in coat-stands and the inner folds of shirts, coats, angavastrams and turbans; and so it was one old, rather pretty big-sized creature got into my fold, one day, and was having a good time of it, all without my knowledge when I was fast asleep. My master as usual put me on and went to school and was giving his lesson. The morning session ended and the evening session began. It was half-an-hour after the bell that he felt a pricking sensation over his bald head, newly shaven. He thought that that was nothing and so he was going on. But soon he felt the prick a bit hard and immediately took me off, scratched his head and again put me on. But again he felt the prick and again he took me off and scratched his head and with suspicious eyes searched into my folds, when lo! he found a huge moster-like (hum)-bug running at boat-mail speed and trying to hide himself. But my master's frown never spared him and soon he was crushed on my folds with a heavy squeeze. But here is the rub. My beauty was all gone due to the large blood stain produced by the slaughter—and what was worse, I began to smell awfully. Soon a number of bugs were crushed on my folds in the heat of anger and I became detestable in appearance and in smell. Moreover, one day, when my master in the course of his giving his lessons dozed himself in his chair with his mouth wide open, a fly was annoying him by trying to get into his ever-hospitably-open mouth, whereupon he quickly awoke and at once I fell down from his head on the dusty moist floor below, which spoiled the little beauty that I still had with me. Ever since that moment, I was mercilessly thrown into the W. P. B. - - and never more heeded by my master. Dear Reader, can ingratitude go farther? was ever greater injustice done? why should my master adopt this nasty method of 'bug-killing' and make me the subject of the grossest injustice? why should he not have employed the most up-to-date American method of catching the bug by his moustaches and inverting him ruthlessly upside down on the floor and direct the point of the pin right against his throat? Don't you think, Reader, that that would have been a surer, easier and a quicker method of doing away with that pest and thus avoid an injustice being done to me?"

* * * *

P.S.—As I am sending this to the Press, I learn that my master having caught scent of my

600 008.

action had already arranged to include me among his 'family idols' to be daily worshipped by himself and his lineal male descendants with offerings of flowers, fruits and what not, in kind remembrance of and respectful gratitude for what all I had done for him. My charge against him is therefore unconditionally withdrawn.

HOW LONG SHOULD A TEACHER TEACH?

Extracts from 'The Times Educational Supplement'.

"No one ought to be a school master more than fourteen years," wrote Dr. Westcott, although educational authorities legislate for a period of something like 40 years. The difference is considerable enough to set teachers thinking. Legislators generally deal in averages and rely on statistics, and their point of view is external and perhaps a little inhuman. But Dr. Westcott has been thinking of one man's life and the nature of his work, the incessant demand on his nervous energy, the daily challenge to freshness, good temper, and sympathy, the wearying isolation of the classroom and the narrow outlook of the common room. Few people, he thinks, could satisfy the demands of the work for long but must give way to others.

These are gloomy reflections, yet they are the opinions of a large part of the outside world. The University professor has long been a popular example of heaviness, and the charge has been gradually extended to include every grade of teacher. Grammar school masters have been caricatured all through the ages, and elementary school teachers almost since they became a part of the profession. Charles Lamb's query—"Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?" seems to have been provoked by a chance encounter with one unfortunate pedagogue, but he gaily generalizes about the whole profession, and he bases his argument not on the individual but on the kind of work he is engaged in: "He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours." Modern literature has more than supported Lamb's playful charges. H. G. Wells, if he has, in "The Undying Fire," offered a striking tribute to one schoolmaster, has also, in "Joan and Peter," suggested that most teachers are unutterably stupid, formal, artificial, and out of touch with reality. They are tired people who have succumbed to circumstances, and they pass in and out of his pages in an unbroken succession of futility. If "A Loom of Youth" reflects the opinion of our scholars then the spirit of condemnation exists almost from the beginning of the educative process. If Hugh Walpole's "Mr Perrin and Mr. Traill" has any objective truth, then not only is the actual teaching futile but the teacher's personal life is a curse of petty animosities which are generated by the atmosphere in which he lives. And Paul Selver's "Schooling" contains the same dreadful picture of the teacher's life, in class, in the common room, in the world at large; it is a life which weaves a tragic web about the victim and from which he cannot escape.

The important point is not that these charges are true but that they are so widespread. If there is any truth in them, then not only are forty years too much for any man to continue in such work but even fourteen years may involve grave risks. Perhaps the novelists exaggerate a little For other professions have not escaped the pillory —witness the legal and clerical professions, which certainly receive not less but rather more abuse than the teachers, and yet we go on believing there are honest lawyers and sincere clergy-men.

The Law of Acquisition

Certainly we cannot escape acquiring the marks of our profession. Without subscribing to William James's doctrine of "old fogyism" at 25, we know that, just because we are teachers, we grow into certain modes of thought and acquire a certain outlook which are different from those of the members of other professions. This is a law none of us can escape. We come to think in terms of schooling. It is obvious, therefore, that we suffer from a disadvantage which does not burden any other profession, for the simple reason that we begin in school, we continue in school, and we end in school, being tied to the same type of institution throughout our lives. The fact that we go to different schools, to college or to university, does not seriously affect the proposition, for all these institutions are engaged in the same problem and have much in common. The fact that we are teachers is, in many cases, simply a proof that we fitted easily into the system at an early age. We passed examinations successfully, we found a meaning in ideas as distinct from things, and we continued in a world where ideas were supreme. The clergyman and the lawyer, not to mention other workers, escape this evil—the one passing to the problem of his parish, with its infinitely different demands; the other to his office and a world of hard-headed businessmen. But the teacher goes back to the school which fashioned him.

It is this which explains the common judgment that the teacher is "dry," a "man of theory," an "armchair philosopher" with "an academic mind." We are held to be out of touch with reality. We are preparing others for life, and we are hardly held to be living ourselves. Nor is this all. Preparing for life is an intangible task; if success is achieved we can never be sure that the whole credit belongs to the teacher, whereas if failure result we can never disprove that the teacher was not a cause. Other workers can more accurately assess their labours, but the teacher is always open to suspicion. There is a critic for whatever attitude we adopt. If we take long views and refuse to accept the verdict of immediate results, we are said to be avoiding the issue; it we claim the apparent successes, we fall under the suspicion that we have abandoned our ideals.

The Art and Trade of Teaching

Let us acknowledge here that, in one important matter, we are properly condemned. Teaching is an art, but it is practised by many who are not artists. Nobody need be a painter who has not a passion for painting, but circumstances make many people teachers who are intended by nature for entirely different work. The demand of numbers is large and must be satisfied somehow if the schools are to go on. If all teachers were artists they would escape the worst evils charged against them. For art is creative, and creation keeps all things new. Routine would not enslave but would be used in the service of ever new structures. Knowledge would not pall but would be new-shaped by entering into ever fresh relationships. Shallowness would not

satisfy but would drive the artistic soul into ever new conquests. But if we are not artists we become tradesmen, and the trade of teaching is necessarily a mean and unsatisfying affair.

It may be objected that the conditions of our schools make an artistic life either impossible or overwhelmingly difficult of realization. Teachers may take refuge in the old grievances—the size of their classes, the requirements of officials, the pressure of external opinion. To indulge such grievances is only to increase the evil of which we complain, for we develop an attitude of resentment which leads us to reject all criticism, whether good or bad, and the atmosphere we create is one which does not favour the artistic life. There is no salvation in indulging our so-called "righteous" indignation.

We get a little nearer the evil, perhaps, by considering the nature of the temptation that besets us as teachers. We are in contact with unformed minds, with scholars who have less knowledge than ourselves, with children over whom we can exercise authority. From this point of view our work is too easy and easily begets pretence. We can pose before our class, suggesting directly or indirectly that we know more than we do, handing over the results of another's efforts without acknowledging our indebtedness. We get more and more familiar with our task as we repeat it, and we consequently expend in it less and less effort. The experienced teacher is sometimes little more than an experienced automaton, and his apparent gain is more than counter-balanced by the loss of effort, of creative sense, of enthusiastic discovery, which his increasing facility in technique has destroyed. There is probably no work which may make so great or so small a demand on a man's personality as teaching. For he may give all his faculties, all his powers, all his passion to the task, or he may give merely his acquired habits, thereby wrecking the personality upon which he makes no demands. It is in this sense that we may be out of touch with reality, for we are cutting ourselves off from the most real part of life, our own inward self. We lose our sense of true values, we substitute means for ends, we become more and more dead to the adventure of life. Many of our schools are choked with this encumbrance; why, then, should we be impatient if onlookers gibe at our duliness?

Young teachers frequently express their dissatisfaction with the older teachers under whom they begin their work, and the older teachers nearly as frequently resent the attitude assumed. It is partly a case of the dissonance of age and youth, but its intensity is a measure of the reality of the evils of the teaching world. It should warn us all of the danger we are in. It is not a habit of young men and young women to think of themselves "forty years on"; and few, if any, realize what they will themselves be like when a life of teaching has changed and moulded their development. Their chains will be forged imperceptibly, their ideas will turn more and more round a fixed point, their minds will develop more and more slowly. If youth could see itself in old age, would the world survive such a revelation?

The remedy and the way to secure it

Is there a remedy? It is no exaggeration to say that the most potent factor in the teacher's atrophy is his class-room isolation. There are teachers who literally spend their working life in a class-room in the perpetual company of their scholars. They may exchange no ideas with adults save in routine business, they may never see another teacher exercising his craft, they may never see another school at work, they may never receive a compelling stimulus to help them to re-direct their attention to their problems, they may never realize that teaching is an art of infinite variety. These are haunting facts. They mean that the daily work, their life work can give them no adequate task, no proper challenge, no satisfying interests. It is not in this way that the artistic sense is strengthened, it is the way in which the mere routinist is confirmed in his habits. If the teaching world is to save its soul alive it must not remain for ever in its class-rooms.

The way to secure this reform does not seem easy. Holidays are not the remedy, for there is a natural tendency to regard holidays as a means of escape and to keep the holiday life and the working life in separate compartments, thus making the working life still more unsatisfying by contrast. Sabbatical years, or even sabbatical terms, are still far off, for their cost would be considerable, and administrators have so far shown little practical sympathy with the idea. Holiday courses and summer schools, so far as they are voluntary, fail to attract the very people who are most in need of them, and compulsory courses would be resented. Lecture courses suffer from the same cause.

Is not the only hope of solution to be found in our methods of training teachers? The present system concentrates all its energies on the early period, and turns out a young teacher in his early twenties asking no more questions throughout that long period of 40 years' service. Common sense suggests that the method is ludicrously wrong. There are comparatively few minds that would not stagnate under such easy conditions. The teaching profession, moreover, has steadily moved towards a condition of affairs in which stimuli to effort have rapidly diminished. In an earlier day the teacher who grew inert lost his pupils, and with them his salary. Or he incurred the displeasure of His Majesty's Inspector and was reduced in status. Or he vexed the managers and governors of the school and was discharged. Because of the abuses of these powers the teachers fought for and secured a living salary, regularly graded and certain increments, unification of professional qualifications, and security of tenure, with the result that, while the artificial and perhaps immoral stimuli have been abolished, nothing has taken their place.

Without any increase of cost the amount of money spent in the training of teachers could be distributed over a longer period. The preliminary period could be cut down to a minimum, to be followed, after an interval, by a second course and, after a longer interval, by a third. Our training colleges would then hold novitiates, journeymen, and craftsmen, and the expression "trained teacher" might die a proper death. We are all teachers in process of training, and the process is lifelong.

It would be pure gain to the training colleges to have a stream of teachers returning from the schools, with leisure and freedom to analyse the problems they have discovered, and with experience wherewith to challenge the theories of the lecture-room. As their needs and their interests would differ so widely, so would the methods of the training colleges have to become more and more individual. The special interests which the teacher would bring back must be fed and nurtured at all costs, and the regulations should be framed in such a way as to allow all conceivable variations.

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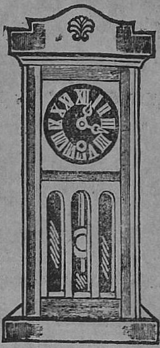

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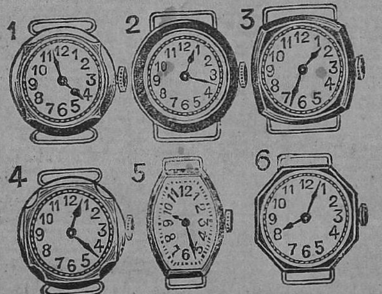

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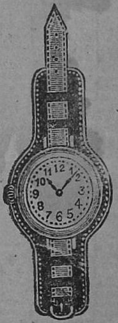

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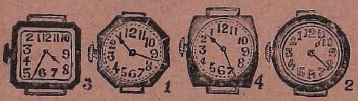

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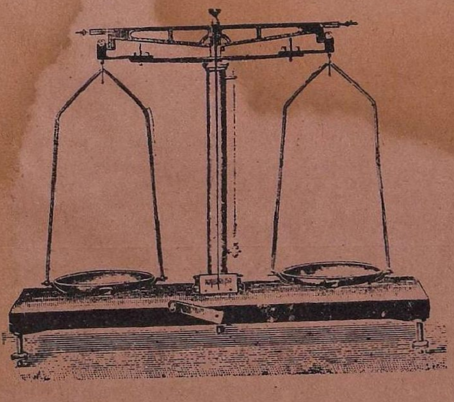

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